

SONGS OF SAIGON

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Areevaderche, Saigon

Areevaderche, Saigon

We hope you win your war

I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,

I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,

I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

The Viet Cong steal our weapons,

The Viet Cong hold them tight,

Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets

Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets

Wonder where the Bao An and the Dan Ve are tonight.

The Bao An steal our chickens

The Dan Ve steal our rice

And the Hamlet Chief is selling bulgar

With the CVN acting so vulgar

Is it any wonder that the VC seem so nice.

Where are the Special Forces

They're not on our frontier

They are beating up the nuns and bionzes

They are beating up the nuns and bionzes

That's the reason for the shooting that you hear.

They send us lots of Colonels

With chickens on their necks

They are working in coordination

They are working in coordination

They are making plans to win the war atop the Rau.

Areevaderche, Saigon

We hope you win your war

I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,

I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,

I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

WE ARE WINNING

(Tune: "Rock of Ages")

We are winning, this we know
General Harkins tells us so.
Through the Deltas things are tough,
In the Highlands very rough.
But the VC soon will go,
Mr. Cabot tells us so.
If you doubt them; who are you?
McNamara says so too.

(Tune: Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl)

Landlord fill that nuc war bowl,
And splash it on my dishes.
Landlord fill that nuc war bowl
And splash it on my dishes.
Tonight we'll dysentary be,
Tonight we'll dysentary be,
Tonight we'll dysentary be,
Tomorrow we'll smell fishy.

(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

I met a gal in old Saigon
I asked her what was new.
She said I think this morning
They held another coup.
I don't know who they couped this time,
I surely don't know why
The only thing I know for sure,
We had a little coup!

I've laid around and stayed around
This old town too long,
Summer's almost gone,
A coup is coming on.

I've laid around and stayed around
This old Town too long
And I feel like I gotta travel on.

Bonanzas are burning,
They're roasting in the fire (etc)

The gyrobes are surrounded
In their compounds (etc)

Ky writes to Thi
But Thi won't come home (etc)

Ky writes to Chieu
but Chieu can't come home (etc)

Col. Lieu is hiding
The Police won't crack down (etc)

They've barricaded Gia Long
With lots of barbed wire (etc)

Students are demonstrating
And they won't calm down (etc)

General Minh and General Khanh
Are waiting in the wings (etc)

General Co and General Thieu
Are packing up their bags (etc)

FULRO is happy
They'll be rid of Viêt Loo (etc)

Tri Quang and Tam Chau
Are waitzding the Embassy (etc)

Civilians want democracy
With an old soft Sun (etc)

The Cosmos is closing
Our boozing's almost thru (etc)

We'll go to the Nantique
And watch the ships turn round (etc)

Archie doesn't fear VC
He's taking barricades down (etc)

THE LONGEST YEAR

There are boys of Special Forces
There are lads from USCM too
And the guys who fly the choppers
And of course there's me and you.

Refrain The longest year, the longest year
You know damn well was spent right here,
The longest year, the longest time
That I have ever spent!

It's gone on a whole lot longer
Than we thought in '62.
We'd be home a whole lot sooner
If it weren't for Madame Nhu.

We were working in liaison,
Told them everything we do,
And they put it in the papers
Said that we had planned a coup.

If they weren't out burning Buddhists
Or scaling pagoda walls,
They were finding ways to cheat us.
'Cause the load we had to haul.

If you ever come to Saigon,
Follow my instructions, kid -
Buy a ticket on to Bangkok,
You'll be very glad you did.

Refrain The longest year, the longest year
Was spent in Vietnam right here
The longest year, the longest time
That I have ever spent!

DON'T TELL ME I'VE NOTHING TO DO

Counting geckos on the wall,
That don't bother me at all,
Shooting VC until dawn,
Then my ammos almost gone,
Drinking Ba Muoi Ba and watching hamlets overrun...
Now don't tell me
I've nothing to do,

HOST ADVISORS BY AND BY (Pre-Coup)

Some Tanks went out advising
Down there in South Vietnam,
But the people they advised
Didn't give a good Goddam,
The president and his kindly
Were shooting out a coup,
And the blamed the whole "Schemecle"
On the likes of me and you.

Chorus Tippee eye yea, Tippee eye yea!
Ghost advisors by and by!

Some Buddhists did a "slow burn"
In Rue and in Saigon,
And you couldn't "watch the birdies,"
Unless you dodged the bombs.
The students, they got angry,
The Government closed the schools
And the "Times of Vietnam"
Called the U.S. a bunch of fools.

These advisors were notorious
For counter insurgency.
They collected "Lessons Learned"
For the Chief of "QUO VAN KY."
They gathered tons of data,
From the field in Vietnam.
(But down in Venezuela,
It won't be worth a dime.)

They worked for COHENMACV
And for the Chief of MACV,
Who told Bob McNamara
That the war was "in the bag."
The Viet Cong were beaten
In this brave "Diem-ocracy"
(They didn't tell the insurgents:
The omnipotent VC's.)

Yes, in the steaming jungles
And the plains of mud and rice,
Infested with mosquitoes,
Viet Cong and body lice,
There went the good advisors
And some "Greedy Bankers" too,
To save the little country
For the likes of Madame Nhu.

(Continued...)

They advised the Civil Guard
And the valiant SBC
They advised the Vietnamese
In the land, air and sea
And when the fights were over
When the "body count" was in
Our side had lost a hundred
And the VC only ten!

They built Strategic Hamlets
And they dispensed USCM aid.
They convinced the Montagnards
That they really had it made.
They defoliated jungles,
And herbicided rice,
As long as the Ambassador
Could afford the going price.

Then they headed for the airfield,
Out at good old Tan Son Nhut;
With boarding passes in their hands
And CIB's to boot.
"Little soldiers of misfortune,"
And, "Tools of CIA,"
They waited for jet planes
To touch that broad runway.

Now buddy, listen to them
And hear what they will say
They're gonna guard that aircraft
So don't get in their way.
They'll nap you with their crossbows
And their homemade rifles too,
Cause no seats exist on that craft
For the likes of me and you.

Yipee nyo yea, Yipee nyo yea,
Ghost advisors by and by.

HAOT FIGHT SONG

Let's fight on for COMMUNISM
We will lead us to victory
Send the ARVN out to fight
We'll stay in Saigon and see the fight.
For we are advisors and never fear
All our advice fails on little ears.
And the Viets fight on and on
Worried that we may go it alone,
So lets fight on for COMMUNISM,
We're going to win in '73,
Johnson'll send us more and more
Bisectons will help us shorten the war.

LET'S DO IT (Saigon version 1964, end Jan)

Who did it? Dinh did it,
Only others seem to think that Ninh did it.
Let's do it, Let's have a coup.

The word is out General Nienh did it.
(Wouldn't it be fun if Brother Cam did it?)
Let's do it, Let's have a coup.

Murines from way up in Hué do it,
No need for Khe, they just ego -
Tanks, they tell us, too, do it -
Tanks a lot from My Tho.

They say that Kim did it,
Don did it,
Certain factions seem to feel that Lung done did it -
Let's do it, Let's have a coup.

THE STREETS OF SAIGON (Coup Time)

As I walked down the Streets of Saigon
As I walked down Le Loi one day,
I spied an ex-president all dressed in white linen
All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I can see by your uniform you're an advisor,"
These words he said as I slowly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the head and I'm sure to die.

"It was once I ruled wisely, once I ruled strongly
And I lost my sister or so they did say,
But I kept my brother and so I ruled wrongly
For the Buddhists gone burning I know I must pay.

"Have sixteen dancers to carry my coffin
Have the girls down at Tu Do sing me a love song
Take me down Xa Lot, there lay the sod over me,
Now that NSIS has scorned me, I know I've done wrong.

"Oh, blow the pipes slowly and beat the drum loudly,
Play a slow twist as you carry my pall
Put Dalat roses all over my coffin
To soften the tears of the press as they fall."

THE YELLOW ROSE OF SAIGON

She's the Yellow Rose of Saigon
And I think she basened the twist
But she's a real cute dolly
She's one I think I've missed,
You can talk about the President
And about his brother Muu
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

She's angry at the Buddhists
And she hates the New York Times
Because they always rib her
And accuse her of some crimes
What's a little joke about cock-outs
Or imported gasoline.
Why, that's real exaggeration
She's really not that mean.

Yes my little Rose of Saigon
Is just a refugee.
She fled down from Hanoi
To make jobs for you and me.
She's showed old Maxwell Taylor
And Ambassador Wolting too,
How JFK's her buddy
And gives her money too.

So my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Stays off of Tu Do street
She doesn't go for loving
But at intrigue she can't be beat.
I look for many changes
When she nests with Mr. Lodge
Cause it's said that he's a wonder
For eastern camouflage.

Yes my Little Rose of Saigon
Is a veteran through and through.
She's careful with her money
In case there is a Coup.
She's bound to salvage something
For all her enterprise
Before the VC lose their fight
Or America gets wise.

Now my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Is in the U.S.
To be a UN member
In the Good old fashioned way.
You can talk about the President
And about her husband Muu
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

MONTAGUARD SERGEANT (To the tune of "My Bonnie")

My mother's a Montagnard sergeant
She draws just pay and quarters to boot
She lives in Saigon on per diem
And always has plenty of loot.

CHORUS

Stay here, stay here,
Oh, don't let the program go down, go down.
Stay here, stay here,
Cause Saigon's a real swinging town.

My father's a part time guerrilla,
He gives all the ARVN a fit,
By selling for twenty plasters
A do it yourself ambush kit.

My sisters all work in the taverns,
They encourage the soldiers to roam,
Drink up cause you'll soon leave your loved ones
And back to your wives back at home.

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves all the girls from sin,
He'll save you a girl for five dollars,
My God; how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in,
My God; how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

My grandpa sells cheap prophylactics
He punctures each head with a pin,
While grandma grows rich on abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.

THE Coup Day

Armed Guards on "Coup" day
And all thru Hanoi
Not a soldier was stirring
Not even one, nor
The planes were all checked
By Nhu with great care
In hopes that a victory
They soon would declare.
The Nhu's were all nestled
So snug in their beds
While visions of power
Danced thru their heads.
With Dien in his nightshirt
And Nhu in his cap
Both settled down
For a hot sweaty nap.
When out on the roof
There arose such a clatter
Dien rose from his bed
To see what was the matter
Then what to his wondering eyes did appear
But SO's and SC's inspiring such fear
(Cause they were all shooting not there but here)
The tanks and the how's and the planes

Now they came

He started to think "How short-lived is fame!"
Then all of a sudden his phone gave a jingle
(This happened quite often since he was still single)
"Give up and live or resist and die,
We'll give you till six to say no or yes"
He picked up his pants, down the staircase he flew
If I hadn't listened to dear Madame Nhu
I'd still have control instead of the Coup."
But how that fits here, I'd better get brother
To come up with crack troops and put down another
Attempt to take over the reigns of this realm
And let me get back to steering the helm.
So putting his fingers up to his nose
He gave them the sign that everyone knows,
And moving the bokkete so grand and so tall
Uncovered a doorway into a hall.
This passage was secret - not even Nhu knew
What this was "built in" for just such a "Coup"
It led to an alley outside of the grounds
To a spot that was in back of those loud barking sounds
"We made it," cried Nhu with a voice loud and clear
But Dien started wisely "We are still too near"
So let's take this vehicle parked over there
I once drove an APC (it was a zero)"

continued...

They captured the driver and vehicle intact
And moved it out smartly (the vehicle was tracked)
Over the river and away from the coup
Dash away dash away dash away Khu
And all you could hear as they drove out of sight
Was "merci beaucoup," don't shoot all night.

The next day we heard so few of the facts
The rumors were flying about many parts.

But one thing we feel is essentially true
Some old is preserved, but there ain't no more Khu.

DON'T TAKE MY COUNTERPART AWAY (You are my sunshine)

In Southeast Asia, here in Vietnam,
What kind of war no one can say.
Some say insurgent, some psychologic,
Please don't take my counterpart away.

Down in the Delta, we have the VC, who come
here from the North of Hue.
Some say guerilla, some next door neighbor,
Please don't take my counterpart away.

The other night dear, out in the Hamlet
I dreamed I held you in my arms
When I awoke dear it was the VC,
So I shot him down and I cried.

The high triumphant includes Westmoreland
with Throckmorton and Dick Stilwell,
They'll have the VC backed into China
Just don't take their counterparts away.

MACY FIGHT SONG

Buckle down, Westmoreland, buckle down,
You'll win, Harry Cabot - if you'll only buckle down,
You're both stars a plenty
At less than three and twenty
You'll win, Hank - Westy if you'll only buckle down,

MACY MARCHING SONG

Nine eyes have seen the glory
Of a thousand claymore mines.
There were booby traps and punji stakes
Among the jungle vines.
We have battled the mosquitos
And every kind of bug
And with the VC girlies
I've exchanged a dozen hugs.

Gory, gory we were ambushed,
Gory, gory we were ambushed,
Gory, gory we were ambushed,
And we ain't going to fight no more.

Oh, nine eyes have seen the glory
of the Montagnards at play.
I have seen Strategic Hamlets
In every sort of way.
I have seen the troops of MACV
And have often heard them say
Let's get on with this war
So I can get away.

Glory, glory I'm in Vietnam
Glory, glory I'm in Vietnam
Glory, glory I'm in Vietnam
What a hell of a place to be!

O Little Town of Ban Me Thout

O little town of Ban Me Thout
How still we see thee lie,
The good Rhade are all at play,
Uprising in the night.

Yet in the dark streets shineth
A blazing FULRO flag.
The bad Jarai will have to die,
As ARVN they do fight.

The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas
the VC gave to me...

Some plastic in a Dauphine
2 hand grenades
3 punji stakes
4 fallen flowers
5 claymore mines
6 sachet charges
7 birds a chirping
8 bar girls drinking
9 Saigon tees
10 tanks of napalm
11 Montagnards
12 butterflies

You Better Bug Out

Oh, you better bug out,
You better get high,
Draw your weapon
I'm telling you why,
Ho Chi Minh is coming to town.

He knows when ARVN's sleeping,
HACV is never awake,
He knows your amic is never good,
So bug out for goodness sake.

Chorus...Oh, you better bug out, etc.

God Rest Ye General Westmoreland

God rest ye General Westmoreland
Let nothing you dismay
The First Air Cavalry
Was wiped out yesterday.

The Big Red One will get it next
Out at Michelin,

Oh, Tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
Oh, Tidings of comfort and joy.

Dashing thru Pleiku
With the First Air Cavalry
VC to my left
And a Rhade on my knee

Deck the Halls with Victor Clark
Tra la la la la la la la la
Tis the season to be jolly
Tra la la la la la la la la
Don we now our black pajamas...

The other night boys, as we lay sleeping,
We dreamed we had some JOT's.
Toilet trained and sandbox broken,
The blanket was their only need.

And so we dressed them,
And cosy-locked them,
And sent them on their lonesome way,
To tease the VC
In the highlands
And through the Delta ricey and play.

Now they've put swings in every bailey,
The district chiefs they're winning now;
Gone are the diapers of John O'Reilly,
And Wait's to wed a sweet Koa Hao.

We spank and spoil them,
We've almost weaned them,
Our sweet and pouting JOT's.
They'll learn their lesson,
To Siu confessin'
They can now buy Saigon tea.